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# THE DELUGE

A Poem.

BY VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.

Dedicated to the Electors of Westminster.

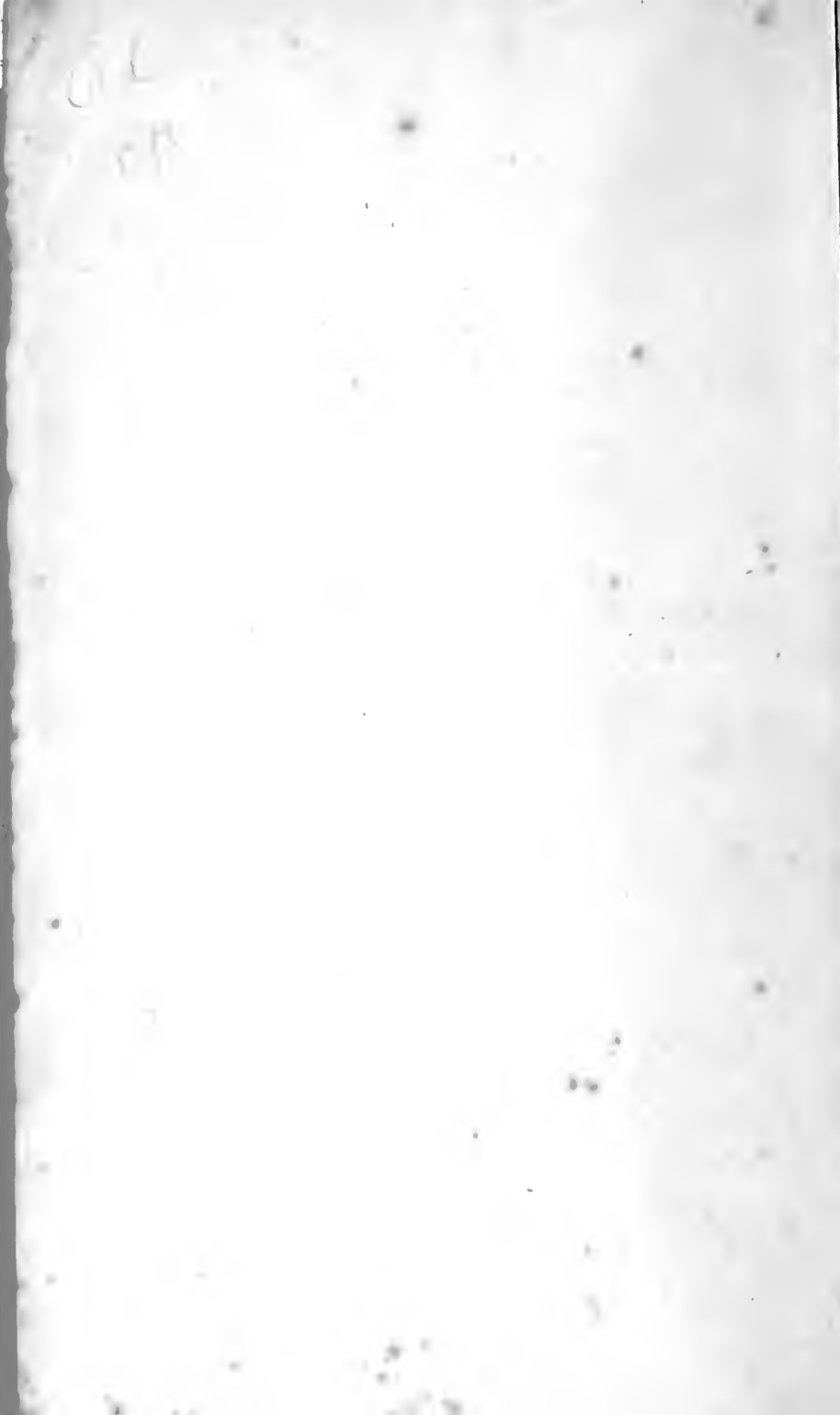
"Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,  
And feel they too are 'penetrable stuff';  
And though I hope not hence unscath'd to go,  
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe."

*English Bards, &c.*

LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

MDCCCLIII.

*Price, Half-a-Crown.*







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TO

THE ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

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GENTLEMEN,

Everybody, now-a-days, gives his version of the Deluge; and perhaps it will not be altogether unacceptable to you, if I add mine to the number.

I am,

Your obedient Servant,

MAIDSTONE.



## THE DELUGE.

---

“ Mirantur sub aquâ lucos, urbesque, domosque  
Nereides : sylvasque tenent delphines, et altis  
Incursant ramis, agitataque robora pulsan.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nat lupus inter oves, fulvos vehit unda leones.  
In mare lassatis volucris vaga decedit alis.  
Maxima pars unda rapitur : quibus unda pepereit  
Illos longa domant inopi jejunia victu.”

OVID. *Metam.* book i.

Now comes the Deluge ! said I not, friends, right ?  
Hurrah for Cobden, and three cheers for Bright !  
Patriots who mar all schemes in hope to win —  
Virtuous opponents of *whoever's* in.  
With all her looms let Manchester rejoice,  
And the West Riding raise a cheerful voice,  
Heads are reversed where tails were wont to be,  
Mountains are islands, and dry land a sea ;  
From ev'ry side the streams of faction flow,  
Darkness above, and chaos down below.

*Burns* swell <sup>(1)</sup> to torrents, *woods* to fountains turn,  
And deal out moisture from a dribbling urn;  
Each paltry furrow fills its puny cup,  
Old springs boil over, and new springs boil up;  
Till every river god, however dry,  
Becomes *Aquarius* with profuse supply.

The rock where late a battling Titan stood  
Now makes a whirlpool in the rising flood :  
Alone, and comfortless, but unsubdued,  
He watched the waters in their maddest mood ;  
On shabby raft disdained th' advice to fly,  
And when his time arrived, knew how to die.

Nor late, nor long, uncertain did he bide,  
For bellowing surged at once that hungry tide ;  
And on the rising wave what monsters came,  
With ravenous jaws, and ghastly eyes of flame,  
With teeth like harrows, and prodigious tails,  
Say, gentle Muse, unless thy memory fails !

The great Sea Serpent of the League was there,  
With folds uncounted, and *consols* for hair. <sup>(2)</sup>

---

<sup>(1)</sup> *Burns swell, &c.* See Debate on the Budget.

<sup>(2)</sup> *Consols for hair.* See Cobden Testimonial ! (if he ever got it paid up.)

Thrashers from Erin—(two of which, they say,  
 Will pound the whale to mummy in a day).  
 Whig snapping-turtles<sup>(1)</sup>—Carlisle water-snakes,  
 That love to tear the living flesh by flakes;  
 Peelite Medusæ, various and complex,—  
 Mancestrian sword-fish—sharks from Middlesex—  
 While looming large, with frothy jaws and tail,  
 Scholastic Rhedycina<sup>(2)</sup> sends her whale!

O Rhedycina, chief producing power  
 Of dangerous pedantry, the prim, the sour!

---

(<sup>1</sup>) *Whig snapping-turtles*. The curious are referred to Aytoun's "Fight with the Snapping-Turtle, or the American St. George."

"Have you heard of Philip Slingsby,  
 "Slingsby of the manly chest;  
 "How he slew the Snapping Turtle  
 "In the regions of the West?

"Every day the huge Cawana  
 "Lifted up its monstrous jaws;  
 "And it swallow'd Langton Bennett,  
 "And digested Rufus Dawes.

"Riled, I ween, was Philip Slingsby,  
 "Their untimely deaths to hear;  
 "For one author *ow'd him money*,  
 "And the other lov'd him dear!"

BON GAULTIER'S *Ballads*, p. 27.

(<sup>2</sup>) *Rhedycina*. Oxford, in monkish Latin.

Where some fresh Newman ever sily rules,  
Informs the classes, and directs the schools ;  
Of funds diverted hast thou nought to say ?  
Of founders fool'd, and statutes in decay ?  
Take my advice, to pristine fasts return,  
Let jobbing cease, and monks eat what they earn !

But to return once more to him we left,  
By foes surrounded, and of hope bereft ;  
Diluvian prodigies besieged the spot,  
His port ne'er alter'd, and his knee crook'd not,  
His eye ne'er blench'd,—and still his falchion wrought  
More deeds of death than when Orlando fought.  
The *snapping-turtle* lost what seem'd his head ;  
Before his blows the “*wizard Sibyl*” fled,  
Oldest inhabitant of another age,  
In saws abounding, and by sufferance sage.  
’Twere long to tell what sharks were spurn’d aside,  
What grisly shapes within the waters died,  
Another Homer might describe the blows,—  
But ever as he fought the waters rose ;  
Till, surging high above the topmost stone,  
Titan, and combatants, and rock, were gone.

Then o’er earth’s gloomy face the waters spread,  
Bearing frail barks, and corpses of the dead ;



Men who once hoped in salaried ease to live,  
As long as Ministries had aught to give ;  
Bodies of parsons, and defunct M.P.'s,  
Down in the list for places, stalls, and sees ;  
At times a Christmas ox comes drifting on,  
The boor that fed him following close anon ;  
Or like a cork some *trimmer* hurries by,  
With life-preserver on, and anxious eye.  
The Celtic wolf among the Saxon sheep  
Paddles amain, and finds it getting deep ;  
While Broker gulls in gibb'ring circles sail,  
And Hebrew petrels dread another gale.

But not all nature mourns the dismal scene,  
Or views with grief the disappearing green,  
Expectant *phoca* (placemen) now abound,  
Who love the deluge that invades the ground :  
So that some cove remain, some sandy shore,  
Where after dinner they may roll and snore,  
These calves of Proteus are content to view  
Cities submerged, and nations ruin'd too.

And now, ye little streams, that all combined  
In sudden flood, yourselves a deluge find,  
I drop at once this allegoric mask,  
For sterner satire, and a graver task !

E'en as I write these lines, the "travell'd Thane"<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Sits in conclave with Russell and Delane.<sup>(2)</sup>  
 The "Times," good weathercock, has rattled round,  
 And feels the gen'ral pulse with looks profound.  
 "Good people all,<sup>(3)</sup> whom these may most concern!  
 From us both modesty and wisdom learn!  
 Where twelve aspirants to one place appear,  
 But one can win—eleven must lose—that's clear;  
 Then pray you, darling patriots, be good boys!  
 And if you're disappointed—make no noise."  
 Yes! preach as wisely as that "moral man,"<sup>(4)</sup>  
 Derby's accuser on the Peelite plan;  
 Compose each difference, fuse and coalesce,  
 Take in all parties, and secure the press;

(1) *Travell'd Thane.*

"First of the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen  
 "The travell'd Thane, Athenian Aberdeen."

*English Bards.*

(2) *Delane.* Editor of the "Times."

(3) *Good people all.* "We repeat, that if there are any who  
 "would seek to disturb this agreement (viz. the *entente cordiale*  
 "between the Peelites and Whigs), from *lower* and *meaner*  
 "motives, they are injuring the last chance of a progressive and  
 "moderate Government," and, oh, horror! "will throw us back  
 "into the hands of such a Ministry as that which is just dissolved."  
 &c.—*Times*, Dec. 21.

(4) "*Moral man.*" Was the gentleman who wrote the "Moral-  
 "ity of Public Men" at school or asleep, when Sir Robert Peel  
 was conducting his Corn-Law operations, in the years 1845 and  
 1846?

Yet think not long to stand before the gale,  
With jurymast, and newspaper for sail!

See where they come!—what wrangling chokes the street!  
How throng'd the lobby when our patriots meet!  
Commissions, anarchies, and treasons past,  
A mulish junta takes the helm at last.  
Each man Achitophel<sup>(1)</sup> in his own eyes,  
And like his type unprofitably wise,  
How shall it work, unless by saving spell  
The disappointed hang themselves as well?  
Wood, Goulburn, Graeme rush forth,—and each unlocks  
With desperate key th'imperial money-box;  
The first in noblest courtesy surpass'd,  
The next in precedents, in both the last.  
To this *émeute* Athenian Aberdeen  
Attends with caution that conceals his spleen,  
But sees in the discussion, fond and vain,  
A bitter sample of his future reign.

---

(1) *Achitophel*.

“Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,

“Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.

“So easy still it proves in factious times

“With *public zeal* to *cancel* private crimes.”

DRYDEN'S *Absalom and Achitophel*.

Next came the leader of that veteran band,  
 Which long disturb'd, long ruled our fatherland ;  
 A little *clique*, a *coterie* drawn dry,  
 'That courts no entry and brooks no supply.  
 To him the Peelite Loyola replied,  
 With wit to take the worse or better side ;  
 Splitter of hairs, a schoolman stanch was he,  
 In mood, in tense, in figure, and degree.  
 These two the Thane in trembling balance weighs,  
 Computes their values, and defines their praise ;  
 Finds Russell peevish, injudicious, <sup>(1)</sup> bold,  
 A little *passé*, and too prompt to scold.  
 Finds Gladstone subtle, sober, and precise,  
 But nursed by Jesuits in distinctions nice ;

(1) *Injudicious*. If I am to judge from his "Memoirs of Moore," Lord John Russell has not improved either in *judgment* or composition since he wrote "Essays and Sketches by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings." I particularly congratulate the ex-Premier's admirers on the following sentence :—

"Among these increasing millions, there will in all probability  
 "be communities *holding aloft the literature of England through*  
 "*the Ocean of Time*."—*Preface*, p. 8.

We are obliged to hear that Cæsar held his Commentaries aloft with one hand, and saved himself and them with the other ; but a Community swimming about in the Ocean of Time, with Lord John Russell's "Memoirs of Moore" in its hand, is something equally new and surprising !

With human nature passing ill acquaint,  
 (Fault in a leader, error in a saint ;)  
 Acting perforce against his natural friends,  
 Yet hoping still to mould them to his ends.  
 The balance trembles with this ponderous freight,—  
 Now Gladstone sinks, now Russell gains in weight,  
 Now pause the fatal scales,—’till, settling fair,  
 Russell preponderates by half a hair.

O’er such adjustment Rabelais might smile,  
 Or Sancho gloat in Baratania’s isle ;  
 But thou, sad Chief ! hast Palmerston to coax,  
 And Russell’s *congé*s to pass off for jokes ;  
 Thine own notorious insults <sup>(1)</sup> to forget,  
 With other sallies of the Grecian pet ;  
 Who, greatly conversant in foreign dealings,  
 Consults no colleague, and spares no man’s feelings,  
 Scorns modern bottles cubically small,  
 And holds th’ imperial quart, or none at all.

---

(1) *Notorious insults.* The well-known charge of “antiquated imbecility,” provoked by such reflections as these :—

“You apologised to the Emperor for entering the Dardanelles.  
 “You disowned your Admiral, and you promised to do so no  
 “more. You went further : you brought yourselves to declare  
 “that he had been driven in by stress of weather. Now I say  
 “that is deception ; that is *the thing which is not.*”—*Lord Aber-*  
*deen’s Speech, House of Lords, June 18, 1850.*

Say, melancholy Peer ! without fresh bile,  
 This old vendetta canst thou reconcile ?  
 Nepenthe's hard to find, forgiveness worse,  
 And Corsicans kiss sweetest while they curse.

Moss-trooping Græme, "the beeves that make thy broth,  
 Must come from England and from Scotland both !"  
 Hail, veteran rider ! with the batter'd jack,  
 And tatter'd plaid on thy marauding back !  
 With ragged spear, six Scottish ells in length,  
 And dudgeon knife, and bow of wondrous strength,—  
 Ready in foray, stiff in stour to stand,  
 A reiver from the waste of Cumberland,—  
 Thy rule of right, dear Wordsworth's simple plan,<sup>(1)</sup>  
 "That those should take who may, those keep who can."  
 In good old times such freebooters as thee,  
 Came, at the last, to visit Hairibee ;<sup>(2)</sup>  
 But now, God save the mark, to represent  
 Caerleon's ancient town in Parliament.

<sup>(1)</sup> *Simple plan.*

"For why ? because the good old rule  
 "Sufficeth them—the simple plan,  
 "That they should take who have the power,  
 "And they should keep who can."

WORDSWORTH'S *Rob Roy's Grave*.

<sup>(2)</sup> *Hairibee*. See William of Deloraine on the delicate subject  
 of "the neck verse at Hairibee."—*Lay of Last Minstrel*, 1st canto.

His arduous task see Newcastle commence,<sup>(1)</sup>  
 By losing temper without finding sense !  
 And Gladstone harping on the same dry score,  
 Write "Philomel's complaints to Phillimore."

(1) *Newcastle commence.*

- *House of Lords, Dec. 20th, 1852.*

"To the statement of the noble Earl (Lord Derby) I (the Duke of Newcastle) give my most *positive* and *emphatic*, but, I hope, courteous denial. The noble Earl stated, that from the very commencement of the Session there had been a determined endeavour by different parties to upset his Government, and he referred to the speech of a right honourable Baronet in another House to prove that an attempt had been made to form a combination, by which the Government were to be prevented from bringing forward their measures. Now, the *very opposite* of that statement *is true!*"

This speech was delivered on the 20th of December, and on the 22d appears a letter from Mr. Gladstone (on the same subject) addressed to a certain Mrs. Harris of the name of Phillimore !

"MY DEAR PHILLIMORE" (but I beg pardon ; the dame's name was not published in the first instance),—

"MY DEAR —,

"It causes me no surprise to learn that the *unwarrantable* statement of Lord Derby, to the effect that his defeat on Thursday last was the result of a concert or combination between the friends of Sir R. Peel and other political parties, should have caused much soreness among those who supported me at the late contested election at Oxford. \* \* \* \* \*

"The question is this,—Whether the concert or combination alleged to have taken place is a fact or a fiction ? I have not the least hesitation in stating to you that it is a fiction, &c."

"*Decr. 22d.*"

"My Lords (says the Earl of Aberdeen in his statement), be-

"We are not factious! no—forbid it Heaven!  
 Avaunt all dealings with such worldly leaven:  
 Difference in our opinions none can quote,  
 We only differ when we come to vote."  
 Pooh! stuff and nonsense—out with it like men!  
 Say, "We turn'd Derby out, and would again."  
 With vain distinctions mask no more your blow,—  
*Who plann'd, who dealt it, ev'ry one must know.*

---

"fore describing the proceedings which have recently taken  
 "place, I wish to advert to a circumstance which I understand  
 "occurred a few days back, when the noble Earl opposite (Lord  
 "Derby), at a time and upon an occasion not altogether usual,  
 "accused me and those who acted with me of having entered into  
 "a species of combination or conspiracy to put out the Govern-  
 "ment. My Lords, I believe this accusation was answered at the  
 "time by the noble Duke near me; nevertheless, I wish to add  
 "that my share in such a conspiracy was not for the purpose of  
 "ejecting the noble lord *from office*, but for the purpose of keep-  
 "ing him *in office*."—*House of Lords, Decr. 27th, 1852.*

This paradox is to the full as startling as *Candide's* on  
 the English method of keeping up a proper spirit in the  
 navy ("En Angleterre," says that ingenuous youth, "*on tue un  
 Amiral de temps en temps pour encourager les autres*"); but how  
 does it tally with the following confession of the "Times?"—

"As the Budget is now an historical event, and as, too, the  
 "best budget in the world would not have *added a day* to the  
 "late administration, or *the worst budget in the world have lost it a*  
 "*day*, it is needless to specify how much or how little truth we  
 "may be ready to allow in the criticisms of the Reviewer on the  
 "details of Mr. Disraeli's intended relief to the shipping interest."  
 —*Times, Jan'y. 17th, 1853.*



So far, so well — but now for leaving out,  
 Unlucky Gyas, and Cloanthus stout;  
 Worthies whom Virgil laudeth but to lose,  
 Who dine with Humphrey, and with Hobson choose.  
 Where are the Greys who long provoked a smile,  
 And Labouchere, and excellent Carlisle?  
 Some done, some down, some diddled — all displeased,  
 At once of office and of salaries eased.

Where's Scriv'ner Wilde, and Jock our cannie Scot,  
 Who writes so *truthfully* of what he's not? <sup>(1)</sup>  
 Neglect repeated worse than poison kills; —  
 And where, O tell me where, is Monckton Milnes?  
 Hold! — can it be? yes! — puzzled Aberdeen  
 Intends to make him Chaucer to the Queen,  
 With leave perpetual the *green* to wear,  
 And at his belt an “ink-bottel” to bear.

But, worthy Thane, why strive with fruitless toil  
 To mix Whig vinegar with Peelite oil?  
 Why take day-tickets by Southampton rail,  
 And cabs to Lansdowne House, to fret and fail?  
 Shall coalition thrive, or firm jog on,  
 With Calvin, Pusey, Wiseman, and Lord John?  
 Thyself and Gladstone, in one loving Co.,  
 With Russell, Temple, Molesworth, and Keogh!

---

(1) *What he's not.* Chancellor.

Say, could not Bedford's Duke by Woburn's stream,<sup>(1)</sup>  
(Where late ye met,) strike out some saner scheme?

<sup>(1)</sup> *Woburn's stream.* If there are no Naiads at Woburn I retract and apologise; but I think there must be—partly because of the name, but chiefly because I never knew a monkery without its “water privilege,” or indeed without the best of everything, as those who now stand in the shoes of holy men find, to their infinite solace and contentment.

The printer's devil, a sad young imp (who, like Mr. Cobden, reads Scott's “Life of Napoleon,” the “Pictorial History of England,” and “Lempriere's Dictionary”), has just brought me the following jingle, which he begs hard may be printed in a note. As I like to encourage rising genius, I have given the boy sixpence for marbles, and a niche in the Temple of Fame.

THE TWO JASONS.

When *Jason* sail'd after the Colchican fleece,  
With his jolly young crew of the heroes of Greece,  
Of a chart or a compass he'd ne'er an idea,  
But he trusted Dame Fortune,—who sent him *Medea*.

Row de-dow-dow.

When *Jason Squire Russell* set out from his home  
In search of the fleece and broad acres of Rome,  
Unlike *Jason the First* he had never a *pal*,  
But he trusted Dame Fortune,—who sent him *King Hal*.

Row, &c.

Now *Jason the First* stole the lady and fleece,  
But his jolly young crew touch'd not sixpence a-piece;  
And *Jason the Second* took all he could get,  
And ne'er said “Enough!” while *Hal* cried “There's more yet!”

Row, &c.

Then leave *Jason the First*, a poor muff to be reckoned,  
And follow the fortunes of *Jason the Second*;  
Who, having got all that he could from the Crown,  
Took Whigg'ry in bumpers, to wash it all down!

Row, &c.

ZAMIEL.

A happier family than this devise,  
 With larger drafts upon the Whig supplies?  
 Tell me! for few can understand such rigs,  
 What are ye—Tories, Democrats, or Whigs?  
 Enough of precedents for each you boast,  
 And Pitt, Fox, Peel, or Wilkes, might rule the roast.  
 But stay, I have it!—to thine endless praise,  
 Thou mean'st to give them each alternate days,  
 Wherein t' exemplify, at our expense,  
 What are "distinctions without difference."  
 Pooh! pooh, *cher Aberdeen!* this is new leaven,  
 Worse than deficiencies in *fifty-seven*. <sup>(1)</sup>  
 The risks you run, the quarrels you endure,  
 Are ten times worse than the disease you cure.

But what avail prophetic myths of scorn?  
 The mountain's throes are o'er—the mouse is born;  
 And here it comes at last, with train increased  
 By the whole ninefold of the "blatant beast;" <sup>(2)</sup>

---

(1) *Fifty-seven*, 1857—the year in which Mr. Disraeli's budget would have come into full play.

(2) *Blatant beast*. If Spencer had lived in the nineteenth century, instead of the sixteenth, he could not have improved upon the following description of the beast which attacked Calidore—with a mouth, says he,

"Appearing, like the mouth of Orcus, griesly grim :

27.

"And therein were a thousand tongues empight

"Of sundry kinds, and sundry quality ;

The *vehmgericht* <sup>(1)</sup> of a seditious age  
That stabs unseen and poisons with a page.

---

"Some were of dogs that barkèd day and night ;  
"And some of cats that wrawling still did cry :  
"And some of bears that groyn'd continually ;  
"And some of tigres that did seem to gren  
"And snar at all that ever passèd by :  
"But most of them were tongues of mortal men  
"Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

28.

"And them amongst were mingled, here and there,  
"The tongues of serpents with three-forkèd stings,  
"That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,  
"At all that came within his ravenings,  
"And spake licentious words and hatefull things,  
"Of good and bad alike, of low and hie ;  
"Ne *Kesars* spared he a whit, ne kings ;  
"But either blotted them with infamie,  
"Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury."

*Canto 12, Book 6, Faerie Queen.*

Calidore succeeded in binding *the beast* after a tremendous conflict ; but it appears that he broke loose again soon afterwards :—

"And now he rangeth thro' the world againe,  
And rageth sore in each degree and state ;  
Ne any is that may him now restraine,  
He growen is *so great and strong of late*,  
Barking and biting all that him do bate :  
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime :  
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,  
Ne spareth he the gentle poet's rime ;  
But rends without regard of person or of time."

The truth of this most people know to their cost !

(1) *Vehmgericht*. The secret tribunal, established on the Rhine and its tributaries.

And, first, behold a corporate shape triform,  
 The most notorious of th' ephemeral swarm ;  
 Junius in style, in courage, and disguise,  
 With more than *his* indifference to lies.  
 Thro' every class its household spies are spread,  
 On ev'ry stage its mask'd associates tread,  
 In public-house and Privy Council move,  
 The busy Cyclops of this petty Jove.  
 Camp, senate, court, nay worse, the *Church* is bit  
 By the vile rage, th' hippomanes of wit ;  
 For priestly natures ever love a fight,  
 And men of peace are still the first to smite.

Try it with gold, 'twill bluster and refuse,  
 And yet 'twill barter character for news ;  
 Since, like the rest, however proudly nice  
 In private, and in fact, it has its price.  
 Call it to council, pander to its pride,  
 Earliest intelligence in reams provide ;  
 Then banish doubt, anxiety, and shame,  
 Until thy fall impend, 'twill back thy game :  
 Prove all the sterling sense of England wrong,  
 Sand-ropes coherent, coalitions strong,  
 Peelites trustworthy, sly Tractarians sound,  
 Whigs self-denying, and Charles Wood profound.

Yes, passing well is Walter's hest obeyed,  
 To current Palinures long since conveyed :—

"Thou to whose guiding hand, as time doth wend,  
 My great creation's helm shall still descend,  
 Above all other idols worship News;—  
 Be strong to swallow, reckless to accuse:  
 Whatever serves the purpose of to-day,  
 Inquire not if 'tis true, but if 'twill pay;  
 Ignore thine argument whene'er it suits,  
 Treat thine opponents all as dolts and brutes,  
 Use the style paramount to gloze thy crimes,—  
 This be thy rule, and these thine arts, O 'Times!'"

Yet did our braggarts, who conceive they hold  
 The mine from which two worlds are bought and sold,  
 In spite of bluster, scoffs, and arrogance,  
 Fail, *Englishman* and all, to bully France.  
 Oh strangest symptom of times out of joint!  
 Verbose malignity mista'en for point,  
 Diffuse parade of commonplace for style,  
 And for free speech a pleonasm of bile.<sup>(1)</sup>

---

<sup>(1)</sup> *Pleonasm of bile.*

I have waded through *The Englishman's* ten letters in the hope of finding some extracts fit for publication, and have decided to confine myself to three specimens,—one in the *plaintive*, a second in the *minacious*, and a third in the *facetious* line.

*The Plaintive Line.*

"Unhappy land! Thy greatest degradation is to witness thy  
 "unworthy sons squatting like ghouls upon the bloody corpses of  
 "their countrymen, scratched from their new graves, and green  
 "in earth; and gibbering, in their obscene and infernal orgie, fran-  
 "tic maledictions of fratricidal hate."—*Letter 7.*

Well did the "Times," on after-thoughts, decline  
 To puff its bantling<sup>(1)</sup> with a single line ;  
 A second *Englishman* had burst the bubble,  
 And saved Napoleon any further trouble.

---

*The Minacious Line.*

"Unless history lies, the power which rides over the law  
 "invites a bolt beyond the law. When might instals itself as  
 "right, revenge is deified as retribution. Irresponsible authority  
 "is not of earth. Violence dies of its own excess. Caligula,  
 "Commodus, Domitian, Caracalla, fell by the hands of others.  
 "Nero perished by his own. Peter and Paul—father and son—  
 "sank from that '*maladie de famille*' which equally afflicts the  
 "harem of the sultan and the palace of the czar. Superstition  
 "curbed the mediæval tyrant—insurrection waits the despot of  
 "to-day."—*Letter 9.*

*The Facetious Line.*

"France is satisfied ! She utters but a single cry, and that is,  
 "'*Vive l'Empereur !*' What, Napoleon ? Napoleon the Third ?  
 "Soulouque the Second ? Neither. Punch the First. The  
 "Empire, we shall see, will be that of the hero of the streets, who  
 "cudgels everybody, bilks his creditors, slips the hangman's neck  
 "into the noose which justice knotted for his own, and, after a  
 "noisy and impudent performance of tricks, blasphemies, and  
 "blows, is carried off by the devil."

I dare engage for Doctor Conolly's patients that they shall,  
 amongst them, furnish the "Times," at any time, with a series of  
 ten letters, which will serve its purpose to the full as well as  
 these ten letters of an "Englishman ;" and that it shall require a  
 very acute observer, indeed, to detect any difference in the  
 method, style, and merit, of the two performances.

(<sup>1</sup>) *Puff its bantling.*

A marvellous correspondence and unique interchange of civi-  
 ties passed lately between *master and man* on the delicate sub-

Next comes the "Chronicle," diffiise, perplex'd,  
 Touchily classical, and lightly vex'd.  
 In whose laborious froth we recognise  
 A weary round of amateur supplies ;  
 Light-hearted lambskins who, with green-ness in't,  
 Gambol in copy, and bound high in print ;  
 Seniors who give good measure press'd down,  
 And only in its flavour cheat the town.

---

ject of puffing. It appears that the "Englishman," having satisfied himself of his claim to immortality, published his Sibylline leaves in a collected form. Upon this, the "Times" treated him much in the same way as we treat the "Times" of yesterday ; but if it counted upon impunity, it was early undeceived. The Englishman was not to be toadied in the office and cut in the street.

*"To the Editor of the Times.*

"You have taken no notice of the publication of my letters !  
 "You are dumb. Why ? Have they served your turn and are  
 "they now discarded ? Do you treat those who contribute to  
 "your pages like a cast-off mistress or a worn-out hack ? To me,  
 "at all events, your conduct has been worse ; the hack was fed,  
 "and the mistress had her hire," &c.

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

*Editor's Reply (Leading Article).*

"An 'Englishman' not only assumes, but asserts in distinct  
 "terms, that we *lie under obligations* to him for his correspon-  
 "dence. It is disagreeable to correct such impressions, but we  
 "really can acknowledge no such debt," &c. &c.—*Times*, Dec. 18th,  
 1852.

After these amenities the two worthies mutually explain, and then, shortly after, kiss and make friends.



Of three Ephemerals, Palmerston can boast  
 The "Globe," the "Sun," and, last, the trimming "Post."  
 Take up with Newman when sweet Jenkins fails,  
 Latest in growth of Tiverton's three tails!  
 Tractarian slipslop for court circles vend,  
 Kiss Pusey's toe, and call Pope Bennett friend;  
 But think not long thy trashy files to save  
 From Fonblanque's mercies and a bankrupt grave!  
 And thou, chief idiot, that with bell and book  
 Would'st marry Phœbus to Eliza Cook,  
 Desist from task unhappily begun,  
 Phœbus has no connexion with the "*Sun*." <sup>(1)</sup>

Now for th' "Examiner:" we'll pass him too,  
 Despite his dragon writlings, in review;  
 Of censor's rags his withered back we'll strip,  
 And as to Titus Oates, apply the whip.  
 Plead not secession, but come stand the brunt,  
 Worthy successor to imprison'd Hunt!  
 Whose pen for many years with party tact,  
 And artificial list, warp'd every fact;  
 Who never lost occasion for a sneer, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 Nor ever loved a lord or spared a peer,

---

(1) "*Sun*." For two years, this wretchedly-written paper seldom appeared without quotations from the miserable platitudes which go by the name of *Eliza Cook's Diamond Dust*.

(2) See Appendix, No. 1.

Save one alone<sup>1</sup> who fiercely rules the roast  
 Where Severn wanders under Berkeley's coast.  
 Notorious finder of pretended jobs,  
 In conscience Hopkins<sup>(2)</sup> and in credence Hobbes,  
 Late at the bar of outraged justice stand,  
 And, in the yellow leaf, hold up thine hand!

(<sup>1</sup>) *Save one alone.*

*Interference of Peers in Elections.*

See a leader beginning with the words,—“Thinking the press  
 “and the public very bad judges of private quarrels,” and ending,  
 “We can well understand the Tory bitterness against Lord Fitz-  
 “hardinge. He has been their rock a-head for years; has held  
 “a county against them notwithstanding their great power in it,  
 “and wrested Bristol from their domination, &c. We remember  
 “when her Majesty honoured Lord Segrave with promotion in  
 “the Peerage, the Liberal press bore the handsomest testimony to  
 “the services which had so well merited the mark of royal favour”  
 (N. B. These services, according to the “Examiner’s” own state-  
 ment, appear to have consisted in rescuing a county and a bo-  
 rough from the Tories); “and yet,” pursues the apologist, “we  
 “see, with surprise and regret, a part of the press lending their  
 “aids to attempt unfairly to lower him in public opinion, and  
 “condemning now what they found no fault with for many years,”  
 viz. *his interference in elections.*—*Examiner*, August 21, 1847.

This one small *oasis* of apology for an individual in the midst  
 of a *Zahara* of petrifying calumny directed against his order, is a  
 little too marvellous to be natural; in short,—

Much I recommend the peer, who means to prove a sinner,  
 Forthwith to turn a Whig and ask th’ Examiner to dinner.

(<sup>2</sup>) *Hopkins.* The celebrated witchfinder, “who,” in the words  
 of Butler :—

“After, prov’d himself a witch,  
 “And made a rod for his own,” &c.

With anxious stoop, and bargain-driving eye,  
The staid "Spectator's" patriarch hobbles by.  
Canniest of Scots, grown old in love of pelf,  
He, to save siller, writes each scrap himself;  
A very prudent, but scarce lively feat,  
Which future editors will not repeat.

Besides all these come in the minor fry,  
Scuffling, ere plates be clean and bottles dry.  
Noblest exponents of unshackled thought,  
By loaves converted and by fishes bought.  
Their names I mention, since so few e'er see 'em,  
The "Leader," "Satirist,"<sup>(1)</sup> and "Athenæum."

And these are they, forsooth, who simp'ring sit  
On office stools, and hold the courts of wit ;  
Who bridle Pegasus, make Clio stare,  
And push Apollo from his awful chair.  
And shall I listen on while Landor flings<sup>(2)</sup>  
The rules of grammar at the heads of kings ?

---

(1) "*Satirist*." I scarcely know whether this infamous paper exists now.

(2) See Appendix, No. II.

Or proudly tells us with dramatic shake,  
 Honours from hand save Kossuth's he'll not take ? <sup>(1)</sup>  
 Shall fair Eliza of the shears and paste,  
 With namby-pamby drug the public taste,  
 And nourish heart-quakes ; when a simple debtor-  
 And-creditor account explained, were better ?  
 Shall blust'ring Englishmen astonish'd see  
 Their lies reproved by none but poor M.P. ?  
 Shall silly *Woodfalls*, <sup>(2)</sup> out of pique grown rash,  
 Break a wise rule, to print a madman's trash ?

<sup>(1)</sup> *Honours from hand save Kossuth's.*

“WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

“*Bath, Oct. 28, 1851.*

“Sir,—The chief glory of my life is, that I was the first in  
 “subscribing for the assistance of the Hungarians at the com-  
 “mencement of the struggle ; the next is, that I have received the  
 “approbation of their illustrious leader.

“I, who have held the hand of Kosciusko, now kiss with vene-  
 “ration the signature of Kossuth. No other *man* alive could  
 “confer on me an honour that I would accept.”

It does not escape my notice, that an exception is implied in  
 favour of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen ; and I *cannot*, in  
 consequence, recommend the Minister to offer Mr. Landor a  
 pension of 300*l.* per annum in her name, for fear he should  
 take it.

<sup>(2)</sup> *Silly Woodfalls . . . . break a wise rule.*

“TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“No notice can be taken of *anonymous* communications.  
 “Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by  
 “the *name and address* of the writer ; not necessarily for publica-  
 “tion, but as a guarantee of his good faith.”—*Times*. (Standing  
 order.)

And is the Critic's task, indeed, so light,  
 Can all appreciate where so few can write ?  
 Is taste's fine standard in their hands best placed,  
 Who never knew the discipline of taste ?  
 Or ever brought, to recommend their part,  
 One genuine feeling of a noble heart ?

When states are young the poet reigns supreme,  
 Virtue, and worth, and deeds of arms his theme ;  
 On Nature's face he bends his honest gaze,  
 And colours from the life ecstastic lays ;  
 Youth, valour, beauty, catch the generous tone,  
 And without concert listen round his throne,  
 Rise at his trumpet-note in mood to kill,  
 Love at his word, and sorrow at his will ;  
 Nor dream that Jeffrey's *fiat* can remove  
 What Nature teaches and their hearts approve.

Did punier muse than Jeffrey's ever whine,  
 Dress the dull point, or spin the labour'd line ?  
 Or heavier bard than stout Macaulay pack  
 Livy's old lists <sup>(1)</sup> on Pegasus's back ?

---

(1) *Livy's old lists.* Take the following lines, *e. g.* :—

“ Aunus from green Tifernum,

“ Lord of the Hill of Vines ;

“ And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves

“ Sicken in Ilva's mines ;



And doubly-blest the privileged Hindoos  
 Who paid the price <sup>(1)</sup> of Edinburgh Reviews.  
 But times are changed—to beg in Fox's name  
 Carries not now a preferential claim ;  
 The blue-and-yellow binding leads no more  
 To salaried ease upon a distant shore ;  
 And history, falsified for private end,  
 Damns not one enemy or serves one friend.  
 What then if every critic take his part,  
 And kiss his hand by all the rules of art ?  
 From me, at least, shall Clive's Reviewer hear  
 Truth's exiled voice, in language stern and clear.  
 The Whig conventieler, whose spirit claims  
 The Christian right to damage John as James—<sup>(2)</sup>

the poem concludes amidst a shower of cats, dogs, cabbages, mud, &c., and we are faithfully assured that,

“ Before he reached his door,  
 “ His (Appius Claudius') face and neck were *all one cake* of filth  
 and clotted gore.”

“ Very interesting this, and charmingly poetical too ;” I hear some Edinburgh Reviewer exclaim.

<sup>(1)</sup> *Paid the price.*

Legal Membership of the Council of India. Salary, *ten thousand pounds per annum !*

<sup>(2)</sup> *John as James.*

*John Graham*, Viscount of Dundee (against whom Macaulay manifests the true spirit of the Covenant), is vilified by him in the following paragraph as *James Graham of Claverhouse* :—

“ Those shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous

The base traducer of a good man's life, <sup>(1)</sup>  
 Who, vex'd at Time's forbearance, draws a knife—  
 The party Novelist, who never fails  
 To paint his enemies with hoofs and tails,—

---

“were given up to the license of the army. With the army was mingled a militia composed of the most violent and profligate of those who termed themselves Episcopalians. Pre-eminent among these bands were the dragoons commanded by *James Graham* of Claverhouse.”

*James Graham* was the great and loyal Marquis of Montrose, in all respects a finer character than Dundee! But what do names or facts signify to the Right Honourable the Member for Edinburgh when he has an object in view?

(1) *Traducer of a good man's life.* *William Penn*, whom he thought he had caught tripping, to his great delight, and subsequent confusion. Gibbon wrote the “History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;” he quoted from a legion of authors, some of whom the learned scarcely knew by name; his work is the history of the world for many centuries; it occupied him twenty years; yet his *historical* accuracy has never been questioned. Macaulay writes two volumes of gossip, and earns the reputation of a Novelist or a Thiers.

I will now proceed to measure him by his own standard, and judge him out of his own mouth:—

“There is something,” says Mr. Macaulay, in his review of Croker's Edition of “Boswell's Life of Johnson,” “at once diverting and provoking in the cool and authoritative manner in which “Mr. Croker makes these random assertions.”

What does Mr. Macaulay say to the following specimen of *random assertion*, delivered in a cool and authoritative manner by himself?

“To speak the truth about Penn is a task which requires some “courage. Unhappily, it cannot be concealed that he bore a “chief part in some transactions condemned, not merely by the



Shall know that history, like a jury pack'd,  
 Can give a verdict but not change a fact !  
 Now, wiser grown, let him refuse to coin  
 New name, new course, new battle for the Boyne ;  
 Or dress King William (for whom England speaks)  
 In modern wig and his own cast-off breeks !

But if thus miserably fail these two  
 Acknowledged leaders, what shall others do ?  
 The monstrous brotherhood of Dunciad ink,  
 Hacks for a meal and hirelings for a drink,  
 Whose Hydra heads from blatant jaws distil  
 Filth without point and slander without skill !

Still, some will say, " Why crush the viper's nest,  
 Pillage the wolf, or storm the dragon's rest ?"  
 To such I answer plainly, " There are times  
 When indignation finds or fashions rhymes ;  
 In these for satirists a lyre is strung,—  
 And Gifford's soul rebell'd, before his tongue

---

" rigid code of the society to which he belonged, but by the general  
 " sense of all honest men. He afterwards solemnly protested that  
 " his hands were pure from all illicit gain."

*History of England*, vol. i. p. 508.

I cannot sum up better, than in Mr. Macaulay's own words :—

" That he has no adequate sense of the obligation which a  
 " writer, who *professes to relate facts*, owes to the public."

REVIEW—*Croker's Johnson*.

Wither'd the flower of *Della Crusca's* strains, <sup>(1)</sup>  
 And dried the source impure of *Pasquin's* gains.

And after all, what spell do these possess,  
 What means this boasted empire of the Press?  
 Can it write Wordsworth up or Byron down,  
 Reform, control, or long mislead the town?  
 Shall daily puffs from swift oblivion save  
 Alfred's late howl <sup>(2)</sup> o'er British Arthur's grave?  
 Or starch'd review, and meddling magazine,  
 Heighten one charm of dear "Evangeline?"  
 No! in the mind, beyond their sphere, is placed  
 A surer guide, instinctive natural taste;  
 This sets the masses ever right at last,  
 When Time gains leisure to revise the past.

Then how shall folks who cannot make or mar  
 One little poet, tether England's car?

---

<sup>(1)</sup> *Della Crusca*, and *Pasquin*. See Gifford's "Baviad and Mæviad." The last-mentioned worthy, John Williams *alias* *Antony Pasquin*, enjoys the scandalous reputation of having been the first to levy blackmail on authors, artists, &c., under the threat of holding them up to ridicule and contempt. His base example has been followed by a portion of the press in our own times.

<sup>(2)</sup> *Alfred's late howl*. I am sorry to be obliged to mention a work of Tennyson's with disrespect, for I have a high opinion of his gifts; but he must really excuse me if I decline to pay him indiscriminate compliments.

Insure Hippolytus an easy stage,  
 Or for his reverend life their words engage?  
 Who, rashly venturesome at sixty-nine,  
 Makes his *début* in Jehu's furious line,  
 And starts full gallop midst a general scream,  
 With all our fortunes and a bolting team.

No, spite of Forsters, Rintouls, and Delanes,  
 The kiss of concord and the flux of brains,  
 The nice adjustment 'twixt the slow and fast,—  
 This Cabinet of Whims <sup>(1)</sup> shall hardly last!  
 For as in "Happy Families" your owl,  
 When darkness reigns, is aye the noisiest fowl, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 So when the night of politics sets in  
 His ancient chaunt will Palmerston begin;

(1) *Cabinet of Whims.*

Some of the occupations of the officers of Queen Whim's Court were singular enough:—

"I then saw a number of the Queen's officers, who made  
 "blackamoors white as fast as hops, just rubbing their stomachs  
 "with the bottom of a pannier!"

"Others shear'd asses, and got long fleece wool.

"Others out of nothing made great things,  
 "And made great things return to nothing."

*Rab. 5 bk. 22 chap.*

It is to be feared that the great success of the Coalition Ministry will be in the *last*-mentioned line.

(2) *Noisiest fowl.* A fact. Inquire at the office of the Happy Family, Trafalgar Sq.

“Tu-whit, tu-who,” shall scare the Puseyite dove,  
 And beak-and-talon work succeed to love ;  
 The rat shall squeal, the chatt’ring magpie squall,  
 Grimalkin mew—and doubts confound them all !

Let Aberdeen declare with painful ease,  
 His Cabinet a nest of “*what* you please !—  
 Lib’ral Conservative, or Tory Whig,—  
 Red without risk—Mahometan with pig !”  
 Then ask, “D’ye think Lord John and I don’t see,  
 I Peel in him, *he* Pitt or Fox in me ?”  
 Let him pronounce amidst his tittering peers,  
 “All foreign policies the same<sup>(1)</sup> for years !”

---

(1) *All foreign policies the same.*

“There may have been differences in execution, but the foundation of the foreign policy of this country has, I repeat, been for the last thirty years the *same*.

“I declare to the noble Earl that, in my opinion, no Government in this country is now possible but a *Conservative* Government ; and to that I add another declaration, which I take to be indubitably true, that no Government in this country is now possible but a *Liberal* Government. The truth is, that these terms have no *definite meaning*. I never should have thought of approaching my noble friend the Member for the City of London, unless I had thought that he was Conservative ; and I am sure he would never have associated himself with me unless he thought I was a Liberal. These terms it may be convenient to keep for the sake of party elections, but the country is sick of *these distinctions, which have no real meaning*.”—*Lord Aberdeen’s Speech, House of Lords, Decr. 27th, 1852.*

And beg a lengthen'd blessing on the work  
 Which fuses Pusey, Peter, and the Kirk.  
 Let him commend to tastes not purely Scotch  
 That monstrous coalition, a hotch-potch,  
 Where lean Whig cutlets blend in one tureen  
 With peas from Oxford, kail from Aberdeen,  
 And other garnish which the Muse knows not —  
 Secret but strong ingredients of the pot !  
 Let placemen ruffle it, and leaders cringe,  
 Philosophers catch larks in hairy springe ;  
 Let shrewd Sir James, to Carlisle ganging down,  
 Say — “ How d’ye do to-morrow ? ” <sup>(1)</sup> like the Clown ;  
 Replete with British sentiment and wines,  
 Let Halifax applaud, while Charles Wood shines ; —  
 But oh ! don’t yet compel us to admit  
 Fox in his heart identical with Pitt ;  
 That all distinctions centre in a name,  
 And nought exists but “ the odd hits and shame ! ”

---

<sup>(1)</sup> *How d’ye do to-morrow ?* “ Let me, in the first place, congratulate you on our safety. Lord Derby is overthrown. Notwithstanding this event, the garden of Eden still blooms with yellow flowers as bright as ever. Lord Derby’s Government is overthrown, but the deluge is not yet come. The fountains of the great deep are not broken up—we are not all swept away. But where are Mr. Perring and Mr. Gough ? ” — *Sir J. Graham’s Speech, Carlisle, Jan. 2d, 1853.*

Yet doubt I not that stormy times are nigh,  
For angry signs oppress the western sky ;  
Nor do I blame the man who shortens sail,  
And makes all snug against the social gale :  
But in a bark, with Babel's symptoms curst,  
I doubt all discipline, and fear the worst !  
E'en now on yonder cliff the wreckers stand  
Who mock their lubberly attempts to land,  
Covet each waistcoat, count each broider'd coat,  
And cheer each mountain wave that swamps a boat.

Woe worth the day ! when (sacrifice too dear)  
Peel weigh'd the buoys of many a warning year !  
Those mute exponents of forgotten sands  
And sunken rocks, laid down by practis'd hands ;  
Here in the Channel, too, he quench'd the light,  
And left us struggling with Cimmerian night ;  
Extinct through him, Consistency no more  
Flings her bright radiance from the British shore,  
But curst Expediency's uncertain beam  
Deludes the mariner with treach'rous gleam.  
Yet everywhere he stands in pompous grace,  
The pride and centre of the market-place ;  
Bronze, marble, granite, with each other vie  
To give his attitude, and ape his eye,

Who sacrificed his friends for short repose,  
And slew his party to disarm his foes !  
And now, the corner of his gaberdine  
Rests by descent on pleasant Aberdeen, —  
A good old man, who very fondly hopes  
With patent sand to manufacture ropes !

Black were those waters whose Diluvian sway  
Clear'd the land-marks of Time and Truth away ;  
But blacker yet, to windward, clouds prevail,  
That threaten Noah with a wilder gale.  
Safe can he wander through the pathless dark,  
With all the beasts at variance in his ark ?  
How shall the self-denying lion pass  
A friendly morning with the pert young ass ?  
Or old-wife's canniest contrivance pen  
Reforming Reynard with an Oxford hen ?  
No ! stubborn Nature's universal law  
Forbids the wolf eat hay, the tiger straw ;  
And tho' a miracle once kept them quiet,  
Restrain'd their mischief, and reform'd their diet,  
We dare not hope for similar good news  
Of *this* strange ark's experimental cruise !

But thou, my Country, doubly warn'd, beware  
Of the soft manner and the winning air,

The solemn knee with pliant sinews strung,  
And the light silver of a statesman's tongue !  
And first renounce, in substance and in name,  
The fashionable palliatives of shame ;  
Let common things their ancient styles resume,—  
And rescue truth from Caledonian gloom !  
Then faction once again, to our surprise,  
Will be call'd *faction*, not *self-sacrifice* ;  
No more will bitterest enemies pretend  
With *qualified support* to serve a friend ;  
Or tax our time and patience to suppose  
That six years' malice deals impromptu blows !



## APPENDIX.

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### No. I.

*Lost occasion for a sneer.*

Towards the latter end of 1851, one of the most palpable, but at the same time best-written hoaxes that ever was penned, appeared in the form of a communication from Paris:—

“The long-talked of fight” (says this veracious document) “between Lord H.’s two owls, “Ironbeak” and “Young,” and “twelve rats, came off at midnight in the drawing-room of the “Jockey Club. In the course of the fight, Prince Petulant, *alias* “Chamouski, Rodilard, *alias* the Vagabond, and Brisquet, *alias* “Cut-Knuckles, fell together upon Young,” &c.

One would think that the *blague* were sufficiently patent; but the “Examiner” (being that day rather more bilious than usual) is afraid that an opportunity should escape him, and relieves himself forthwith of the following reflections on

“A HORROR.

“We hear the *canaille* of Paris often spoken of, with disgust “and abhorrence of their brutal propensities, but if we may judge “from an account now before us, the worst *canaille* in Paris, the “most inhuman and perverted, is to be found in the aristocratic “society of the Jockey Club of Paris.” \* \* \*

Here follows the *blague*, *in extenso*; then the comments:—

“The law has no punishment for cruelty of this sort, but it “should be signally punished by society. \* \* \*

“Who is this Lord H. who devoted his noble birds born on “his estate, to feast the appetite for cruel excitement, who saw “the eyes of one eaten out of his head, and heard its dying scream, “under the torture of a horrible wound? Does he wear one of “the highest tokens of the favour and honour of the Crown? Is “the *porter* a rat-killer’s badge?”—*Examiner*, Nov. 8, 1851.

Next week comes the leek-eating part of the business :—

“ Misled by the description of the aristocratic amusements of the Jockey Club at Paris, we threw out an insinuation which was unwarranted. Lord H., we are assured, has nothing to do with the Club in question, and has, moreover, been in England “ for the last month.”—*Examiner*, Nov. 15.

Was there any insuperable difficulty in the way of making this inquiry before going to press on Nov. 8? No! but a disappointment would not have answered the “*Examiner*’s” virtuous purpose. The peg, as it stood, was strong enough to support an attack upon aristocracies in general, and a peer in particular. Was it for the complainant’s counsel to weaken his own case?

Here, I trust, I may be allowed to rescue the following verses of John Davis from newspaper oblivion :—

#### THE THREE HOAXES.

You very merry people, who live by cutting capers,  
When will you leave off joking and hoaxing in the papers?  
Three *stunners* in a fortnight! and each of them believ’d a week—  
“The rats and owls,” “the boa and rug,” and last, “the Palmerstonian freak.”

Twelve rats were crammi’d with truffles, to give them greater stamina,

And the *crammer* and the crammi’d were both swallow’d by th’ “*Examiner* ;”

Two owls were set to peck at them, with more or less malignity,  
Against the peace of Paris, and the Press, its crown and dignity.

And who, in spite of decency, did really make this match so queer.  
Produce the truffles, find the rats, and bring all to the scratch?—  
a Peer!

For H. must stand for Hertfordshire, or Hertford every inch, Sir,  
As sure as F. means Fonblanque, or Forster at a pinch, Sir!

And is it come to this, indeed, that Sunday Censors Morum  
Can’t smell a rat, or nose an owl, with trash like this before ’em?  
If they’re so very gullible, why let ’em be less clamorous,  
Altho’ we know they never were of Upper Houses amorous!

No sooner had this pleasant hoax in merry guise exploded,  
 Than down came joker No. two, with his second barrel loaded :  
 " The boa zoological had ate a railway rug in dreams,  
 " Instead of the black rabbit that was wrapt up in it snug, it  
 seems.

" And tho' the serpent in his sleep pronounc'd his *entrée* charming,  
 " The knot grew quite stupendous, and the consequence alarming ;  
 " Until a smart young watchman, who happened to come by just  
 then,  
 " Pull'd out the blanket half devour'd—and set the stomach free  
 again."\*

Oh, had we but this blanket, where'er a household bore is,  
 To stop his mouth with woolly folds, and burk his prosy stories !  
 But just thus much I've got to say about the present prank, its  
 A well-known fact, in Regent's Park, *the boas have no blankets !*

So now we come to hoax the third, got up with most audacity,  
 Which charges on a noble lord unparallel'd loquacity ;  
 Says he, " We've got our Kossuth out by moral smiles and  
 scolding,

" And, tho' I say it that should not, *judicious bottle-holding*.

" As fast as ever you sent in addresses *warm* from Brummagem,  
 " I pack'd 'em off, by steam or rail,—I didn't stay to rummage  
 'em ;

" I sent 'em to Sir Stratford straight,—who 'd orders for dis-  
 posing,

" Beneath the Sultan's very nose, that mass of power imposing.

" 'Twas thus we free'd our Kossuth, and brought him here a jolly  
 guest,

" And of all the speakers that I know he trims Imperial folly best !"

So thus concludes the third hoax ; but I trust that we sha'n't see,  
 Sir,

The pleasant series ended with the mystic number three, Sir.

JOHN DAVIS.

*Morning Chronicle, Nov. 22, 1851.*

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\* At the time these lines were published, the story of the boa was generally regarded as a hoax, and at this moment I am not convinced to the contrary.

## No. II.

*Landor flings.*

"And that deep-mouth'd Bæotian Savage Landor,  
Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander!"

Canto xi. 59th Stanza, *Don Juan*.

So sings Byron, and he had a marvellous knack of hitting the nail on the head. Many is the subsequent GANDER that has had a similar compliment paid him by the same Bæotian eyes, and many is the mare's nest that they have discovered!

This industrious buffoon, after a long life passed in open contempt of all constituted authorities, (whether of nations, of spelling, or of grammar,) has finally retired upon half a column in the "Examiner," which he verily believes to be a niche in the temple of Fame. Many and grievous are the pranks he plays with his own, both in prose and verse. Let us take him, first, as an adviser:—

"THE ABERDEEN ADMINISTRATION.

"*To the Editor of the Examiner.*

"We have at last the right men, but not in the right places.  
"Our colonies must never be left without a subject of complaint.  
"\* \* \* Away with invectives and recrimination. *A lie in action* must be considered as *no lie at all*; and even a lie in "words, always more severely reprehended, must be undisturbed  
"on the floor, &c.

"Decr. 26th, 1852.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

Pretty sailing directions, truly, for the Aberdeen ark! *Macte novâ virtute, senex!*

Landor as a poet:—

TO THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

"Hast thou forgotten, thou more vile  
"Than he who clung to Helen's *île* (sic),  
"Rather than fall amongst the brave!  
"Hast thou forgotten *so* thy flight,  
"When sparing Philip's peaceful might  
"Disdain'd to hurl thee to the grave?  
"Forgotten the chain'd eagle borne,  
"Shaken by ridicule and scorn,  
"Up *Bologne's* proud columnar hill?" &c.

*Examiner*, Oct. 11, 1851.

With the sense and poetry of this slip-slop I have nothing to do. *That* is past mending! but I would fain suggest to Mr. L. that the words "isle" and "Boulogne" are none the less effective for being spelt in the usual way. Indeed the word, "île,"

puzzled me for a considerable time ; and, to tell the truth, a friend took it for a vulgarism, meaning *oil*.

Landor as an Imaginary Conversationalist :—

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND PRINCE NESSELRODE.

" *Nicholas*.—Theological questions come at last to be decided by the broad-sword, and the best artillery brings forward the best arguments. Montecuculi and Wallenstein were irrefragable doctors. St. Peter was commanded to put up his sword, but the ear was cut off first.

" *Nesselrode*.—The blessed saint's escape from capital punishment after this violence is amongst the greatest miracles. " Perhaps there may be a perplexity in the text. Had he committed so great a crime against one so highly protected as one in the high-priest's household, he never would have lived long enough to be crucified at Rome. The laws of no country would tolerate it."—*Examiner*, June 21, 1851.

Surely it was the duty of an editor, who did not wish to identify himself with the blasphemy contained in this passage, to strike it out ; or, better still, to refuse the *Conversation* altogether.

There is yet another curse, however, entailed upon the public by these newspaper Bavians, viz. their *following*; which is occasionally as long as the *tail* of a Highland chief. Della Crusca had his Laura-Marias, Arnos, and Matildas ; Landor rejoices in P. M. only, who, in his turn, rejoices in the bathos or art of sinking in poetry, to an extent which is (like his poetry) absolutely incomprehensible.

" TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

" It is not in the Camænæ to take back  
 " The gifts they gave. Remember Helios' son.  
 " His father stay'd not till the course was run,  
 " Thro' lands and seas that stretch'd beneath his track,  
 " Boil'd in obedient fury, till one black  
 " And bibulous lava spoke the ruin done,  
 " When Rashness rac'd with Nobleness—and won.  
 " Then first the golden sun sunk in a bloody wrack !  
 " Thou hast the promise, Landor ! and the gods  
 " Will keep it to thee. Do thou also learn  
 " Justice, and Faith, and Government. The rods  
 " Of power in thy hands will then be stern  
 " And terrible as sceptres ' and the nods  
 " Of Zeus attend thee always—even in the urn.—P. M."

*Examiner*, Nov. 22, 1851.

Now if this be not one of the series of hoaxes played off of late upon the "Examiner," it is the prettiest morsel of the true *profund* with which I am acquainted; and in that respect will bear a favourable comparison with anything written (up to the present date) by Landor himself. True, it will neither construe nor scan! but then, it is very deep-toned and sonorous. Our old acquaintances, the Camēnæ, are somewhat unusually shortened, and the sea and land (or the track, I cannot tell which) are boiled rather unseasonably; but, for all that, I can find it in my heart to forgive the man who so pleasantly recommends Walter Savage Landor "to learn justice, faith, and government."

Since the first part of this note was in type, Walter Savage Landor has fairly fathomed the Ocean of Bathos, and laughed to scorn P. M. and all other competitors:—

" TO SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

" No bell, no cannon, by proud ocean borne  
 " From Ganges, or from Tagus, or from Rhine,  
 " Striking with every fiery pulse (nor less  
 " In every panting interval between)  
 " England's deep heart sounds now. The world revives.

\* \* \* \*

" Napiers or Wellingtons not every day  
 " March out before us; no nor every day  
 " Are wanted; but for every day we want  
 " Integrity, clear-sighted, even-pac'd,  
 " Broad-breasted, single-hearted, single-tongued,  
 " Such as in Peel!"—*Examiner*, Jan. 29.

I do not pretend to say *what* the first five lines mean; but I think the five last will do (with a very slight alteration) for one of Moses's advertisements; and I beg leave to present them to that eminent firm in my own and Mr. Landor's name:—

" *Bluchers* or *Wellingtons* not all men wear,  
 " But coats and wrappers are for every day,  
 " Double and single-breasted;—paletôts too,  
 " Low-pric'd yet stylish, elegant yet neat,  
 " Which for young England Hebrew Moses cuts!"

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LONDON :

GEORGE EARCLAY, PRINTER, CASTLE ST. LEICESTER SQ.









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